

INSIDE: "AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE!"

SMASH!

INCORPORATING FANTASTIC

No. 150

14th DEC. 1968

EVERY MONDAY

7d

AUSTRALIA INC. EAST AFRICA 1/- WEST AFRICA 2/-
SOUTH AFRICA INC. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (INC.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS

EARLY ONE MORNING

HIGH HEAVY! TEACH CAN'T
GIVE US ANY BUMS ON
THE BLACKBOARD TODAY—
HE HAVEN'T GOT ANY
CHALK TO WRITE WITH!

I'LL TOSS THEM OFF THE
PIER AND THEY'LL SINK IN
THE BRINY! SNIGGER! NO
ONE WILL EVER GET THEM
THERE!

I NOW
COMMAND YOU
TO THE
DEEP!

AAGH! IT'S CYRIL—HOW
DID THAT CLOT
GET THERE?

IT
JUST SO
HAPPENS
I WAS
TAKING
AN EARLY
MORNING
STROLL—
WHEN IT
HAPPENED
TO LIKE
SUNS!

OH, DEAR! THOSE
BLOTS JUST CAN'T
TAKE A
BEATING!

QUICK, CLARENCE—
TAKE THESE BEFORE
THEY GET HOME;
BILLY BLOTS
AFTER THEM—THEY'RE
SIR'S CHALKS! GULP!

AAGH! CHEATS!
TWO AGAINST ONE!

DEAR, DEAR, WHO CAN
THAT BE AT THIS
EARLY HOUR? PERHAPS
IT'S THE MILLION
ENQUIRING WHETHER
HER LADYSHIP IS
GOING TO THE
BINGO—

DING
DONG!

SHH!

GRR! WHERE
IS HE? WHERE IS
THAT TWERP
CLARENCE'S
BEDROOM?

THUMP!

AAGH! CALL OUT
THE CONSTABULARY—
IT'S A BREAK-IN!

SHH!

IT'S BAD
ENOUGH AT
SCHOOL—BUT
NOW THOSE NASTY
BLOTS ARE
INVADING THE
PRIVACY OF
OUR HOMES!

SHH!
TREMBLE!

CONTINUED OVER

CONTINUED FROM COVER.

GRR! THE TWERP'S LOCKED IT—I'LL JUST HAVE TO BASH IT DOWN LIKE THEY DO ON THE PICTURES!



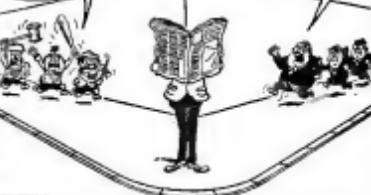
BILLY BURNS REPORTING FROM BATTLE AREA. GET THE LADS OUT OF THEIR KIP AND SEND THEM OVER TO THE CORNER'S PLACE. THE TWIT'S GOT THE CHALK I NICKED!



HOWEVER, CLARENCE HAS THE SAME IDEA! G-GULP! THIS IS CLARENCE, CHAPS—HOW ABOUT POPPING OVER AND GIVING ME A HAND? THAT NASTY BILLY BLOD'S GOT ME TRAPPED IN MY BEDROOM!



CHARGE! DOWN WITH CLARENCE—DEATH TO THE SWOTS!



UP BOYS AND AT 'EM! TALLY-HO! PIP! PIP!

AAGH! IT'S THE SWOTS—WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

AAGH! IT'S THE SWOTS—WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

OH, DEAR, THEY'VE STARTED EARLY THIS MORNING—COULDN'T EVEN WAIT UNTIL THEY GOT TO SCHOOL!

CRASH!



RETRAIT! BACK TO MAMMY!

BOO! HOO! HOO!

WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THOSE MONSTERS!

WAA-AAH!



HEH! HEH!

THE TWERPS HAVE SOUNDED THE RETRAIT!

ZOOM!

YAH! COWARDS!

COO! IT'S THAT BLOKE WHO WAS STANDING AT THE CORNER!

THE POOR TWERP MUST HAVE GOT CAUGHT IN THE BATTLE!

MOAN!

GROAN!



WAA-AAH! ROTTEN BARRY BLOD'S SUNK MY YACHT!

AND GUESS WHO CONFINED ME TO BED—SEE YOU NEXT WEEK—WITH A BIT OF LUCK!



KING OF THE RING

IN THE TOUGH FRENCH SEAPORT OF MARSEILLES, WRESTLER KEN KING AND HIS MANAGER PAL, BLARNEY STONE, LOSE ALL THEIR MONEY WHEN A PICKPOCKET LIFTS THE WALLET FROM BLARNEY'S POCKET. BELIEVING HE MUST HAVE DROPPED THE WALLET, BLARNEY FRANTICALLY SEARCHES THE STREETS... WHILE IN A NEARBY WRESTLING HALL, KEN, TO EARN MONEY THEY NEED TO PAY THEIR BILLS, HAS AGREED TO TAKE ON THREE TOUGH MATMEN... ONE AFTER THE OTHER...



BLARNEY RUSHES TO THE RINGSIDE ...

KEEP GOING, KID — AND I'LL KEEP LOOKING FOR THE WALLET !

AND NOW ... KEN KING WILL FIGHT ANOTHER INVINCIBLE TERROR OF THE RING ...

AS BLARNEY TURNS TO RUSH BACK OUTSIDE ...

BLARNEY! TRY THE POLICE! SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE HANDED IT IN!

THEN KEN'S OPPONENT MAKES HIS DRAMATIC APPEARANCE ...

... I GIVE YOU THE EEL!

GOOD GRIEF! IS HE A FIGHTER ... OR A FISH?!

KEN SOON DISCOVERS THE EEL IS A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER! ...

... I CAN'T GET A GRIP ON HIM! THAT SUIT OF HIS MUST BE COVERED IN OIL!

THAT'S THE EEL'S SPECIALITY — A PUCK HARD HEAD-BUTT!

THEN KEN TRIES FOR A HOLD ...

AHHH! — THAT WAS A SHOCK!!

YES — THIS EEL IS AN ELECTRIC EEL!

OUTSIDE THE HALL ...

HERE, MY FRIEND — I THINK THIS IS WHAT YOU SEEK! ALL THE MONEY IS THERE ... EXCEPT FOR THE TRIPLE I USED TO SEE YOUR FRIEND WRESTLE.

THE WALLET!

I SHOULD NOT HAVE STOLEN IT! BUT THEN I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE A FRIEND OF THE GREAT KEN KING!

BACK IN THE RING ...

HE'S GOT ELECTRIC WIRING IN THAT SUIT ... BUT THE SOLES OF MY RING BOOTS ARE RUBBER!

GGGAHHH!

BY THE TIME BLARNEY RETURNS TO THE HALL ...

AND HIS CHIN ISN'T WIRED UP!

UHHHH!

THAT'S IT FOR SURE! THE OLD EEL NEVER COULD TAKE A FORE-ARM SMASH!

AND SO...

WE DID IT, KID!
THREE OF 'EM—ONE
AFTER THE OTHER!

WE? ALL YOU
DID WAS LOSE OUR
WALLET... AND TALK
ME INTO THE ROUGHEST
EVENING I'VE EVER
HAD!

AS KEN RESTS WEARILY AGAINST A WALL...

DON'T BE
UNGRATEFUL! BECAUSE
OF ME, WE'VE GOT ALL THE
MONEY IN OUR WALLET, PLUS
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FRANCS
FOR TONIGHT'S WORK!



... AND ON TOP OF THAT, THINK
OF ALL THE EXPERIENCE YOU'VE
PICKED UP IN THE RING TONIGHT...
KID, SOMETIMES I WONDER IF YOU
REALISE WHAT A GREAT
MANAGER YOU'VE GOT!

BLARNEY, OLD 'AL, YOU'VE
ALMOST CONVINCED ME THAT
YOU DELIBERATELY LOST OUR
WALLET SO I COULD TAKE ON
THOSE THREE GRIP-AND-
GRAPPLERS!

IT'S MUM... KEN
KING AND THAT PAL
OF HIS! OKAY, BOSS
— LEAVE 'EM TO
ME!

WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER? WE'RE NOT
TELLING! BUT HE CATAPOULTS
KEN AND BLARNEY INTO A
THRILLING NEW ACTION-
ADVENTURE--NEXT WEEK!

HURRY! EVERYONE'S RUSHING
TO GET THESE TOP-FAVOURITE
ANNUALS

New this year!
Football Star Parade
1968-9 12s 6d



Charles Buchan's
Soccer Gift Book
1968-9 12s 6d



Eagle Annual
1969 12s 6d



Boys' World Annual
1969 12s 6d



Fantastic Annual
1969 9s 6d



HG Odhams Books

BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINSEY, HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS, AND THEIR PET CHIMP, SCAMPI, HIDE FOR AN ARMY HELICOPTER WHEN COMMANDO GORILLAS CHASE THEM. BUT BRIAN HAS TAKEN THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN FROM THE BOX HE ALREADY CARRIED WITH HIM . . .

THE BRAIN IS GUIDING WHAT I DO! OUFFY! IT'S HELPING ME TO GET THIS HELICOPTER AWAY FROM THE GORILLA'S REACH US!

WE'VE MADE IT! WE'VE BEATEN VARCO, THE ANIMAL MAN, AND HIS GORILLA FORCE!

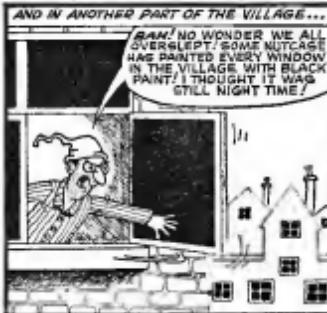






THUS BEGINS OUR TITANIC TALE ENTITLED...

THE CLOAK AND THE RETURN OF DEATHSHEAD



The FANTASTIC FOUR!



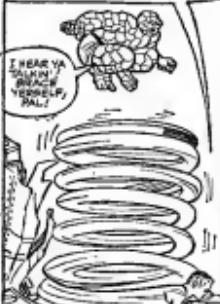
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MEMORY CORNER:

SUE AND JOHNNY HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR, WHO THEN LURE BEN AND REED TO FOLLOW THEM TO A LONELY ISLAND ON WHICH THEY HAVE PLANTED A NUCLEAR TIME BOMB... AND NOW TO ENSURE THAT OUR HEROES CANNOT ESCAPE, THEY SHOOT AWAY THE TAIL OF THE CRAFT ON WHICH THEY HAVE ARRIVED...



WE CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE TILL WE HAVE SUE! LET'S GO, BEN!







HOWEVER, REED AND JOHNNY MAKE NO EFFORT TO STOP THE FUSIONES! THEY ARE OBVIOUS TO EVERYTHING, EXCEPT THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS BLONDE BEAUTY WHO WAITS BELOW...! SHE'S OKAY! JUST

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
MR. BEN?

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
HER, BEN?



BUT THEN, AS BEN AND JOHNNY ENTER THE NEXT CHAMBER,

BUCK! WARM REED!
THERE QMBO IS A Q-BOW
AND IT'S BUZZIN' LIKE IT'S
ACHIN' TO BLOW UP!"

ER THE NEXT
THE GOTTA RACE
THE SURFACE
AGAIN? THE ANTH-
ROPOD SWAMP IS
OUR ONLY HOPE



THE GROUP'S SHANNON!
THIS IS IT, KIDDIES! IT'S

THE BOMB IS ONLY
SECONDS AWAY FROM
DETOMINATION! THERE
ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
SUE, ERIN, JOHNNY'S
A.L. OF
LISTEN



AND MILES AWAY, THE ANTI-GRAV SHIP OF THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR SPEEDS SAFELY OUT OF RANGE OF THE G-BOUNCING PLATE.

WE DID IT!! WE FINISHED OFF THE F.F. ! THERE'S NO WAY THEY

WE TAKE BACK WHAT WE SAID
BEFORE, WIZARD! YOU'RE A
GENIUS!

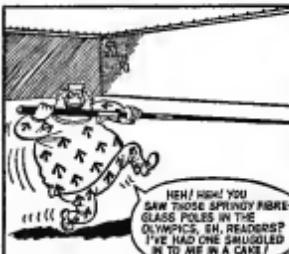
THOUGH MANY HAVE TRIED
IN THE PAST, ONLY THE
EVIL F.R. COULD DEFEAT
THE FANTASTIC FOUR!





GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD



ROLL ON CHRISTMAS and all year round!



Mum and Dad — top-quality Jacoskates are the Christmas gifts that never grow stale... they give active boys and girls

the greatest fun all year round! Inexpensive, too — prices start from as low as 23/6d.

"JACOSKATES"

STRONG • SWIFT • SMOOTH • SILENT

JACOS ROLLER SKATES LTD., 78/82 HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON E8

DEVIL OF THE DEEP

While seeking the legendary monster of Manako Deep, Captain Barnes and his nephews, Nick and Sammy Swift, were attacked by night raiders from Manako Island. Later, Alaki, son of the chief of a nearby island, wife - a golden-haired beauty - and his crew, came to find out what the creature was like. Nick dived into an underwater chasm. But his lamp was accidentally smashed as something monstrous approached.

FROM THE DECK OF THE KETCH, STORMBIRD, CAPTAIN BILL BARNES, SAMMY SWIFT AND THE TWO KANAKAS WATCHED ANXIOUSLY FOR SIGNS OF NICK.

THEY DIDN'T SEE THE TRAMP STEAMER WHICH HOSED SLOWLY FROM A HIDDEN ANCHORAGE IN MANAKO ISLAND.

BEWARE THE BEAST THAT LURKS BELOW,
THE THING THAT HAUNTS MEN'S SLEEP,
TO LIVE IS BETTER THAN TO KNOW
THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP

CAPTAIN SHARKEY, WHOSE MEN HAD
ALREADY FAILED IN A NIGHT ATTACK ON THE
KETCH, STUDIED HER INTENTLY.

ONE OF THEM'S STILL UNDERWATER!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO TEACH THEM
NOT TO POKER THEIR NOSES INTO
MANAKO DEEP !

ABOARD THE KETCH, SAMMY SWIFT HAD CAMERAS
READY FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE MONSTER, BUT NOW
HE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT HIS BROTHER.

I CAN'T SEE A
SIGN OF HIM, SKIPPER.
DO YOU THINK HE'S
ALL RIGHT?

DON'T WORRY,
SAMMY. NICK'S THE
BEST UNDERWATER
SWIMMER
I KNOW!

BUT DEEP DOWN, AGAINST
THE PLUNGING CORAL CLIFFS
OF THE UNDERWATER CHASM,
NICK SWIFT WAS IN
TROUBLE !

NEXT MOMENT HE FELT
VIOLENT PRESSURE
WAVES IN THE WATER
WHICH TOSSED HIM
ABOUT LIKE A CORK AS
HE GLIMPSED A VAST,
DARK SHAPE.

THERE'S SOMETHING
COMING - SOMETHING
BIG ... BUT WITHOUT MY
LAMP I CAN'T SEE
A THING !

GOSH, WHAT
IS IT? IF I COULD
ONLY SEE MORE
CLEARLY —

AND THEN NICK CRASHED AGAINST THE JAGGED CORAL AND HEARD THE SOUND OF SMASHED METAL !

THE MONSTER HAD VANISHED INTO THE GLOOM OF MANAKO DEEP, BUT NICK FISCED A NEW MENACE AS HIS WEIGHTED BELT BORE HIM DOWN -----

HIS LUNGS BURSTING, NICK FOUGHT TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE HUGE, WRITHING RUBBERY CREATURE !

GREAT SCOTT !
MY AIR CYLINDERS !
WITHOUT AIR, I'VE
HAD IT DOWN
HERE !

WITH THE LAST OF HIS EBBING
STRENGTH NICK FIRED THE HARPOON
GUN HE CARRIED .

THE MYSTERY MONSTER
HAD SCARED A GIANT
OCTOPUS FROM ITS LAIR !

IVE... ONLY...
BUT... ONE...
CHANCE...

THE DEADLY TENTACLES
RELAXED THEIR GRIP...
AND THE OCTOPUS FELL
AWAY AS NICK DROPPED
THE GUN AND FOUGHT TO
UNBUCKLE HIS WEIGHTED
BELT .

...COULDNT
USE IT AGAINST
THE MONSTER...
BUT... IT MIGHT
SAVE ME
NOW...

THEN A RED MIST SURGED
THROUGH HIS BRAIN, AND HE
WAS DRAGGED HELPLESSLY !

IT WAS SAMMY WHO
SAW HIM FIRST AS HE
SURFACED .

NOT...
MUCH... AIR
LEFT...



WITHOUT HESITATION SAMMY
DIVED, WHILE BILL BARNES
RAN BACK TO THE
WHEELHOUSE .



CLUMSILY SAMMY SWAM TO
HIS BROTHER AND TORE OFF HIS
FACE MASK SO THAT HE COULD
BREATHE .

NICK, WHAT
HAPPENED ?... OH,
BOSH, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS
— LOST HIS AIR SUPPLY
AND CAME UP TOO
FAST !

TOM ! JEREMIAH !
THROW HIM A LINE
AS WE COME ALONGSIDE !

AND THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME,
BILL BARNES SAW THE STEAMER
THAT WAS HEADING TOWARDS
THEM, AND HIS KEEN EYES
PICKED OUT THE NAME ON HER
BOWS .



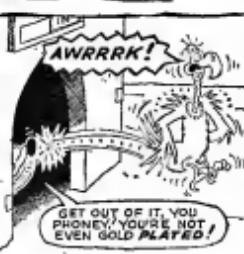
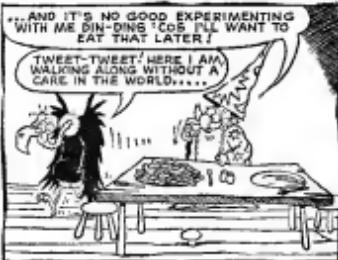
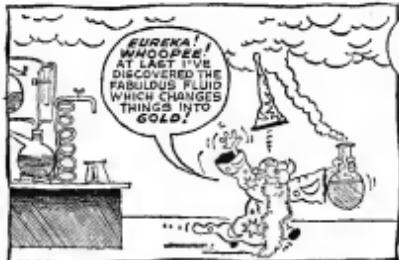
What is the Sinister Sharkey's Plan ? See Next Week's Issue !

WIZARD PRANG

IN

DEMON DRUID

Wiz War



EVERY LETTER
PRINTED WINS A £1! WRITE
TO:

ALF AND COS,
"SMASH AND POW,"
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.



FAMOUS WAYFINDERS NO.3

LEWIS & CLARK

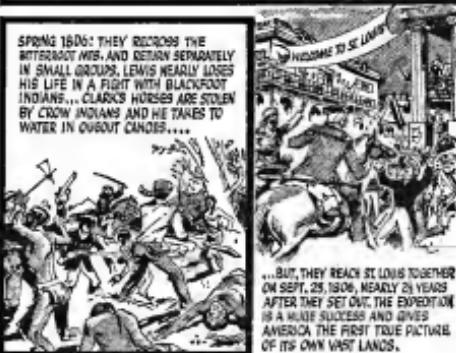
NORTH AMERICA, 1803, THE WEST TERRITORY EXTENDING FROM ST. LOUIS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN IS STILL UNEXPLORED. PRESIDENT JEFFERSON ORDERS A 43-MAN "COMPS OF DISCOVERY."



ON MAY 14, 1804, THE EXPEDITION, LED BY CAP. MERIWETHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK, SETS OUT. THEY HEAD NORTH WEST ALONG THE MISSOURI RIVER AND REACH NORTH DAKOTA—LAST OUTPOST OF HABITUAL SETTLERS—THE FOLLOWING WINTER.

CONDITIONS ARE GRIMMING: CROSSING AN INDIAN TRAIL OVER THE BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS, THE EXPEDITION RUNS OUT OF FOOD AND IS FORCED TO EAT VEGETABLE ROOTS AND BERRIES TO STAY ALIVE.

LEWIS AND CLARK SIGHT THE PACIFIC IT IS NEARLY CHRISTMAS 1805—THE TRIP HAS TAKEN THEM 19 MONTHS!



SUMMER 1805: THEY CROSS THE BITTERROOT MTS. AND RETURN SEPARATELY IN SMALL GROUPS. LEWIS NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE IN A FIGHT WITH BLACKFOOT INDIANS... CLARK'S HORSES ARE STOLEN BY CROW INDIANS AND HE TAKES TO WATER IN OUTDOOR CLOTHING....



...BUT, THEY REACH ST. LOUIS TOGETHER ON SEPT. 23, 1806, NEARLY 2½ YEARS AFTER THEY SET OUT. THE EXPEDITION IS A MAJOR SUCCESS AND GIVES AMERICA THE FIRST TRUE PICTURE OF ITS OWN VAST LANDS.

AND HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF WAYFINDER...



FREE WITH EVERY PAIR...



Small compass.

Special compass.

Special Tracker Badge or set of

10 new coloured animal transfers.

It's the Wayfinder Adventure Shoe for boys. Wayfinders are the rugged new shoes made for boys with a sense of adventure. You set the pace. Wayfinders can take it. And they've got two big secrets: animal tracks on the soles. So you can track animals—even in rough country. And there's a secret compass in a special heel compartment.

Wayfinders Adventure Shoe come in black or tan. They're the only shoes approved by The Scout Association for Scouts and Cub Scouts, and have a 6-months' guarantee against sole repair. Prices from only 37/11d. In half sizes between 11-1½. Get a pair now—you'll find them at most leading shoe stores.

WAYFINDERS

WAYFINDERS, 151 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

.....

My second favourite feature is

.....

Send the coupon with your letter to:

Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

.....

.....

Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm afraid I don't agree with the letter from Alan Rylatt that you published in SMASH No. 144. If you were to make Batman stories the way they used to be published many years ago, you'd just have an old fashioned story, which I don't like! But the Batman of today is great, and I think his is one of the best stories in your comic. And many thanks for bringing back the Fantastic Four, as well.

Andrew Taylor,
Leek, Staffs.

Looks like we're going to have another little ol' controversy on our hands! Perhaps you other Frantie Ones would like to let us know how you feel!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

SMASH No. 144 was just great! Your new brand of stories is just the sort of thing that I like. And you've done a brilliant job with the book! And that was only giving the Spectre two pages! This story deserves far more space than that! It's great! I used to get other comics apart from Smash, but yours is the very best! And I'm also glad you teamed Superman up with Batman. Keep up the SMASHING work!

Smart Money,
Gateshead.

You can have too much of a good thing, Stuart, and that's why we're keeping the Spectre to two pages! Besides, if we gave the Spectre more room, there'd be no space to pack in our other fabulous features! And we can't have that, can we?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
When Thor throws his hammer and hits something, why doesn't he change back into Don Blake?

Frank Meekan,
Brisbane, Australia.

You'll notice that when Thor wants to change into Don Blake, he tops the handle on the ground, Frank. Now, when he throws his hammer at something, it hits the head... and he's not exactly toppling over it, either.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Smash is great with all the new stories you have put in. But in issue 144, in Brian's Brain, you put an ape walking out of the circus with a rifle in his hand, then you put him shooting at a car, and later still, the ape knocking a man out and robbing him. How did he learn to do this?

David Cole-Wilkin,
Wymondham, Norfolk.

It's not so much a case of learning, David... you see, the ape was being controlled by Varco, the animal man, and whatever he said to do, the ape did!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash 144, I thought the beginnings of your new stories were just fab! In my opinion, the best story is King of the Ring. I like this story because boxing and wrestling are my favourite sports, and this story is so great that I can hardly wait for the next issue. I think that many readers will agree with me, so keep up the good work!

Paul Passmore,
Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Glad this story is going down so well with so many of you frantic fightfans out there! We're trying to provide something for everyone, so whatever it is you like, stick with us! Things are going to get better still!

Alf and Cos.

SUPERMAN AND BATMAN

WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

AND NOW--INTO THE **BATCOPTER**, CHUM!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

BACK TO WASHINGTON--
TO ASK SOME
QUESTIONS AT
THE FEDERAL
COMMUNICATIONS
COMMISSION!

SOMEONE HAS TRIED
TO KILL SUPERMAN,
BUT BATMAN HAS
SAVED HIM. NOW OUR
HEROES LEAVE SUPER-
MAN'S ANCIENT
FORTRESS TO JACK
DOWN WHO WOULD
BE KILLER...

FOLLOWING
BATMAN'S
PLAN--
SUPERMAN
RETURNS
TO
METROPOLIS--

TO KEEP MY "KILLER" OFF
GUARD, WE'LL LET HIM GO
ON THINKING I'M DEAD,
SO--

--I'LL GO BACK TO WORK
IN MY SECRET IDENTITY
AS REPORTER--

--CLARK KENT!
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?!!

I'VE BEEN PHONING
YOUR APARTMENT
FOR **TWO DAYS!**

I--I'M SORRY, LOIS. I--
I'VE BEEN **ILL**--

I GUESS I DIDN'T
HEAR THE TELEPHONE--
BUT I APPRECIATE
YOUR BEING **WORRIED**!

I--I DIDN'T
REALIZE YOU **CARED**
SO MUCH...

IT ISN'T **YOU** I'VE
BEEN WORRIED ABOUT,
CLARK--IT'S **SUPERMAN**!

OH, I
SEE...

IT'S AWFUL, CLARK! THERE'S
A RUMOUR GOING THROUGH
THE UNDERWORLD
THAT SUPERMAN
IS DEAD!

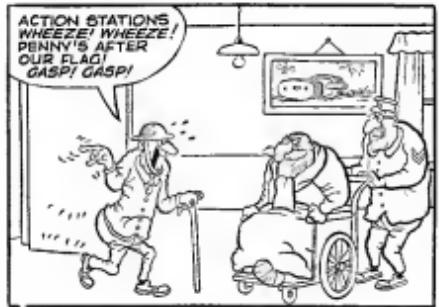
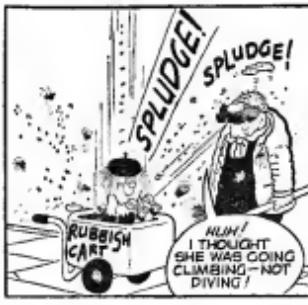
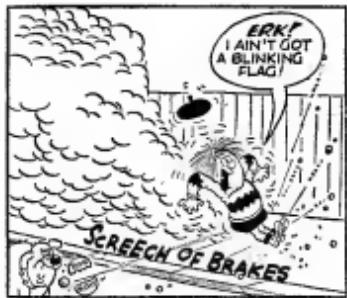
I PROMISED BATMAN
I'D LET THE WORLD
GO ON THINKING
SO--SO I CAN'T
EVEN COMFORT
POOR LOIS...

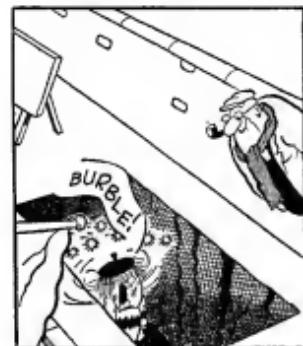
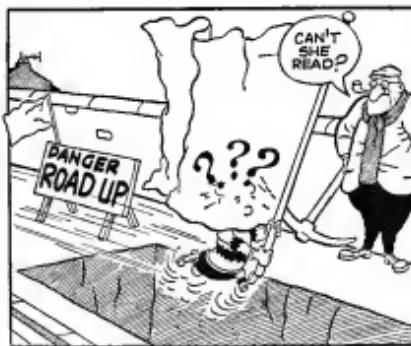
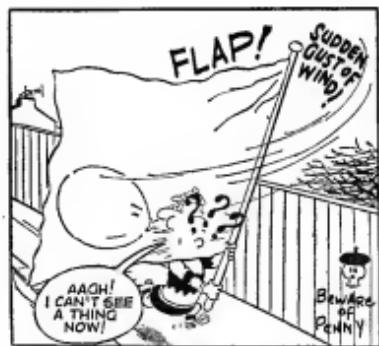
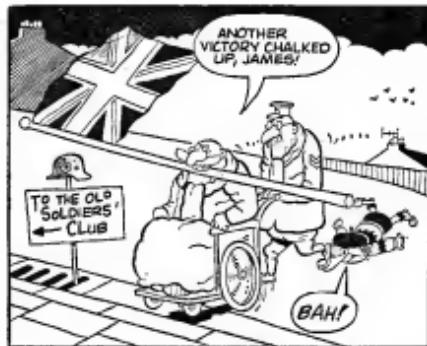
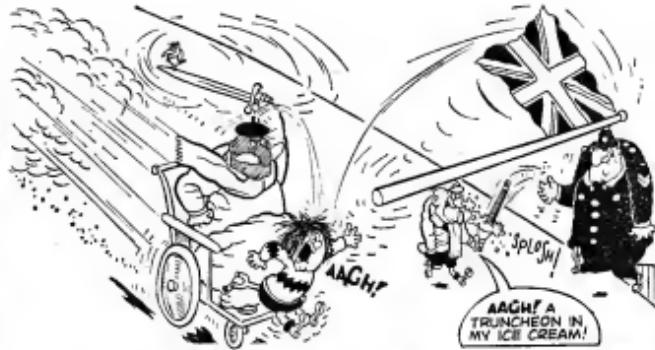
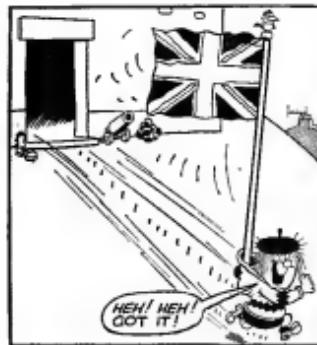
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE
OF TRAPPING WHO-
EVER'S BEEN TRYING
TO KILL ME!

MEANWHILE...



BAD PENNY





DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF AMERILY FACED
VIC STAFFORD

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING DRIVER IN THE U.S.A., WAS GIVEN HIS BIG CHANCE TO DRIVE IN THE GREAT ALABAMA TROPHY RACE. PUMA MOTORS HAD BEEN SPONSORING JACKSON SINCE HE WAS A KID. JACKSON WAS A FAIR-PLAY RACER, BUT HIS TEAM, PUMA, HAD A DARK SECRET TRAITOR TO THE HPM, TAMPERED WITH THE BRAKES OF JEFF'S CAR. THEN, IN THE FINAL LAP OF THE RACE, STAFFORD TRIED, UNSUCCESSFULLY, TO CRASH JEFF OUT OF THE RACE. JACKSON WAS DETERMINED TO WIN. LATER, WHEN STAFFORD DROVE INTO THE PADDOCK, JEFF RUSHED ACROSS TO HIM, DETERMINED TO HAVE A SHOW-DOWN.



ANGERED BY THE FAILURE OF HIS PILOT, THE TREACHEROUS DRIVER TURNED FURIOUSLY ON JEFF.

WHY, YOU INSOLENT CUB! I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU! BY THUNDER, I'LL TEACH YOU!

STAFFORD,
STOP! DON'T BE
A FOOL!

NEXT MOMENT -- STAFFORD WAS FLAT ON HIS BACK!



THEN, EVEN AS MECHANICS RUSHED TO PART THE FIERCELY STRUGGLING DRIVERS, ED BREDON, CHIEF OF PUMA MOTORS, HURRIED INTO THE PADDOCK...



ED BREDON
INSTANTLY
TURNED
ON JEFF!

I'M PROUD OF YOU, JACKSON, FOR THE WAY YOU WON FOR PUMA! BUT YOU'D RATHER HAVE SUCH AN INSULTATION ABOUT A FAMOUS DRIVER WHO KNOWS A LOT MORE ABOUT RACING THAN YOU DO!

REMEMBER -- STAFFORD'S MY SENIOR DRIVER, AND I TRUST HIM! IF THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE, I'LL HAVE TO FIRE YOU, JACKSON! I TELL YOU, LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER, OR YOU'LL RUIN YOUR RACING CAREER!

THEN, ED BREDON'S MANNER SUDDENLY CHANGED!

COME ON, JACKSON! STAFFORD'S TOO BIG A GUY TO BEAR YOU ANY ILL-FEELING, SO FORGET THIS BUSINESS AND LET'S GO DOWN AND CELEBRATE OUR GREAT VICTORY!



AFTER THE TROPHY HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO PUMAS, JEFF AND HIS MECHANIC PAL FLOYD HALEY JOINED IN THE CELEBRATIONS.

CHEER UP, JEFF! DON'T LOOK SO GLUM—YOU'RE THE GUEST OF HONOUR!

I DON'T FEEL SO HAPPY AS I OUGHT TO. ED BRETON BELIEVED STAFFORD'S STORY—AND THAT WORRIES ME!

JEFF, FOR TODAY, ON SAKE—FORGET ABOUT STAFFORD. I'M SURE YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE ABOUT HIM!

BUT FLOYD, HE TRIED TO CRASH MY CAMP ONCE. IT'S MY HUNCH HE WANTS TO TRY AND WIN, EITHER! AND I'M DETERMINED TO PROVE IT!

NEXT DAY THE WHOLE PUMA TEAM SET OUT FOR ANZON COUNTY, WHERE THE NEXT RACE WAS TO TAKE PLACE. JEFF AND FLOYD TOWED THEIR OWN CARAVAN.

I INTEND TO WATCH STAFFORD'S CAR AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE ON THIS TRIP. FLOYD, HELL GIVE HIMSELF AWAY SOONER OR LATER!

TAKE CARE, JEFF! HE'S DANGEROUS WHEN HE'S ROUSED!

BUT DURING THE LONG JOURNEY TO ANZON, STAFFORD DID NOTHING TO ADVANCE HIS POSITION. THEN, WHEN THEY HAD PITCHED CAMP NEAR THE RACE CIRCUIT HE APPROACHED JEFF.

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE DRIVING IN THE ANZON DERBY, AND HOPING TO WIN THAT TOO, JACKSON?

I SHALL DO MY BEST. PERHAPS MY BRAKES WON'T MYSTERIOUSLY FAIL LIKE THEY DID BEFORE!

SO YOU RECKON I TAMPERED WITH YOUR BRAKES, EH? HABSB! I DON'T KNOW. DON'T YOU TELL THE BOSS--AND GET YOURSELF FIRED?

I NEED PROOF, BUT, BY THUNDER, I'LL GET IT, ONE DAY!

YOU'RE SMART--BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH, JACKSON! BE CAREFUL! I DON'T FIX YOU FIRST. I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET!

JEFF IGNORED THE CHALLENGE AND TURNED AWAY HURRIEDLY.

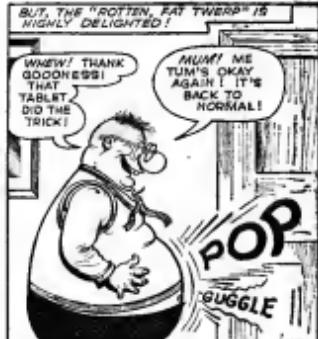
IF STAFFORD THINKS HE CAN GOAD ME INTO ANOTHER SCRAP TO GET ME SACKED, HE'D BETTER THINK AGAIN. BUT IT'S POSSIBLE HE GOT HIM WORRIED. HE KNOWS I'M ON TO HIS GAME!

THAT NIGHT, LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT, A STEALTHY FIGURE MOVED TOWARDS THE VAN HOUSING THE TWO PUMA RACERS!

BUT JEFF JACKSON WAS WATCHING...

BY GOSH, SOMEONE'S OPENING THE VAN! WHOEVER IT IS CAN'T BE UP TO ANY GOOD! PERHAPS THIS IS WHERE I GET THE PROOF THAT STAFFORD IS A TRAITOR.

SECONDS LATER, THE RAZOR-EDGED "BELLIBURB" TABLET SKIMS FROM THE FOOD TUBE, AND ACROSS THE TUM DEPARTMENT.



COME AN' SEE, MUM - ? AGH-W! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

AND NOW, BACK TO THE TUM, DEMP, TO FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF THIS ABOMINABLE ABDOMINAL BULGE!

GUR-R! (SNARL!) IF I CAN'T BUCK IT CLEAN, I'LL BLOW IT CLEAN, WITH THIS "FOOT-OPERATED BELLY-BUTTON-BLASTER!"



MEANWHILE, FATTY IS TAKING MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS —

YOU GREAT, FLABBY FAT-HEAD! IT ISN'T YOUR CLOTHES THAT SHRINK! — IT'S YOU — GETTING FATTER EVERY WEEK!



BUBBLES ARE ALSO BELCHING FROM FATTY — INTERNALLY! —

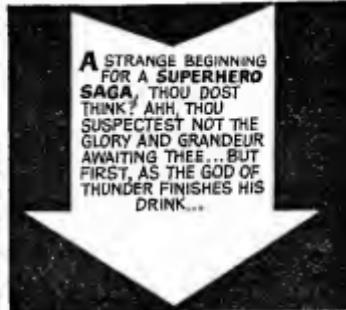


THE MIGHTY THOR!

--AND, SOON SHALL COME:

THE

ENCHANTERS!



AND THERE, ACROSS THE SHAMMERING
RAINBOW BRIEFLY... BEYOND THE
REACH OF mortal time... there
stands ASGARD...



AND THE RULES OF
THE ASGED REAM IS
TRUELY BEYOND
DESCRIPTION... FOR HE DOETH
SOMETHING ALL UNTHINKABLE!

LET IT suffice
TO KNOW THAT
THE ONE WHOSE
THE ALL-HIGH
THE TRULY
OMNIPOTENT!!

GWYN...
MURDERER
OF THE
WORLD
REIGN OF THE
FAITH!!

BUT, I HAVE SPOKEN ENOUGH!

AW... AND YOU CAN'T
STOP ME? NOT AFTER
YOU GOT US
HOODWINKED???

GWYN! THE
LASTING POWER
OF THE MEAT...
THE LIVING
JUDGMENT!!

GWYN! HE BE
ASGUARD INCARNATE!!
END TO THE GOD OF
THUNDER! I WANT
THIN MORE!!

GWYN! BE FLESH
OF MY FLESH...
BLOOD OF
MY BLOOD!!

POLE ARM
DO I CALL
FATHER!!





THERE IS THE REASON I RUSHED AWAY FROM THOSE VILLAGERS.

MR. MARSHAM WILL BE HERE SOON... TO LEARN HIS CONDITION. I CAN'T KEEP HIM WAITING.

WELL, HE NEEDS NO REASSURANCE. I WILL TELL THE STORY...



THE JOY IN HIS EYES... I MUST SAY, I DON'T THINK OF A MORTAL GOD CAN OFFER MORE SATISFACTION THAN THIS.



BALDUR! LOOK TO TRY MOUNTAIN! THE VERY GROUND BLOW DUST ENCHANTED BEYOND OUR FEET!

THE ENCHANTERS, MY LADY!

MARY HAD FOUND US!

ABANDON THY STEED?
UPON ONE OF THESE IS A MEASURE
OF SAFETY NOW TO BE
FOUND.

BEHIND ME,
MY LADY! WHAT
WILL I DO IF
BALDER'S
BLADE MUST
MEET IT FIRST!

I SAY THEE NAY, MY LORD! THOUGH I BE
WOMAN-BORN, MY BLADE IS TRUE... MY
ARM IS SHIFT!

WE EACH
FOR OURSELVES
AND SHALL DO
SO SIDE
BY-SIDE!



BALDUR!
WITHIN THE CLOUD,
A FACE IS
FORMED!

I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE
LIVING TALISMAN WHICH
DO SERVE THE THREE
ENCHANTERS!



WARRIOR,
THOU ART
A FOOL!

THOU HAST CALLED ME
AN EMPTY CLOUD...
BUT MY MASTERS
HAVE THE POWER
TO GIVE ME A
MORE SUBSTANTIAL
FORM...

SUCH IS THE
WAY OF--THE
ENCHANTERS!

NOW THOU
SHALT FEEL
THE MIGHT
OF THE
TALISMAN!

NOT WHILST BALDER
POSSESSES THE SPEED
TO EVADE THY BLOW!



CAN THE ASGARDIANS ESCAPE
THE FEARSOME MENACE OF THE
TALISMAN? AND WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO THOR? FIND OUT
IN NEXT WEEK'S THRILL-A-
PIC EPISODE!

AS THOUGH IN
ANSWER TO THY
WORDS, AN
EXPLOSION
MOST GIANTIC
HAD OCCURRED!

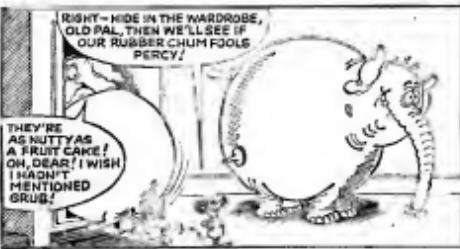
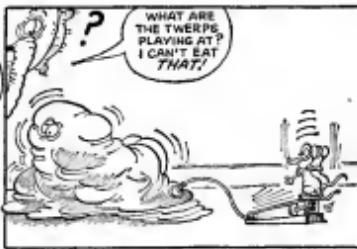
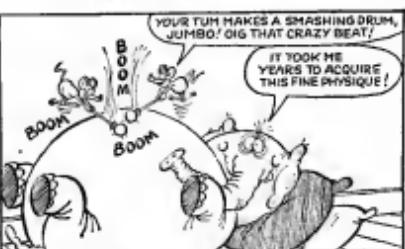
AND A
CLOUD TAKES
SHAPE ABOVE US...

A CLOUD OF
FIRE,
GROWING
DARKER
THIN THE
BLACKEST NIGHT!





Percy's Pets



YOUR
POW!
SHORT
STORY

EYES AS SHARP AS A CACTUS-SPINE,
FACE AS STEAMED AS A SLOW-BURNED
TRAIL, HE'S THE LONE FORGAN, SHERIFF
OF JUICE COUNTY, ARIZONA, AS HE
"ROBS HERD" ON A GOLD SHIPMENT
FROM THE ESPINOSA MINE...

MUST BE HIGH
ON A QUARTER-MILLION
DOLLARS' WORTH OF THE STUFF
IN THOSE BOXES, AND THE BORDER
ONLY SPITTIN' DISTANCE AWAY, IT
COULD BE A TEMPTIN' THOUGHT
FOR MANY A MAN—EVEN
A LAWMAN...

JUICE COUNTY LAWMANS



LEE TORRANCE, LUCE'S
NEW DEPUTY, GLANTS A
SIDELONG GLANCE AT HIM!

ON THEIR ROUTE IS THE BORDER SETTLEMENT OF LOS PICAFERROS—SPANISH FOR THE SPITHE-MASONS, AND WHEN
THEY ARRIVE...

SEÑOR SHERIFF, THE BANDIDOS ARE
ON THEIR WAY TO RAZE OUR HOMES TO THE GROUND
UNLESS WE PAY THEM MUCHA MONEY! ONLY,
MUCHA MONEY'S IS WHAT WE DO NOT HAVE!
SAVE US, I BEG OF YOU!



WHAT'S
FORGAN TRYING
TO DO? SOUND ME OUT
TO SEE IF I'M
TRUSTWORTHY?

BUT ONLY ONE THING FILLS FORGAN'S MIND...
AND IT IS NOT THE FRIGHT OF THE MEXICANS...

LISTEN, GREASE-BALL, I'VE BIGGER
PROBLEMS ON MY
MIND THAN YOU
FOLKS AND YOUR
HOVELS! BEAT
IT!

I'M NEW TO THESE PARTS, BUT
EVERYONE HEARD OF THE BANDIDOS
AND THE TRAIL OF TERROR THEY'VE
BLAZED THROUGH THE BORDER
TOWNS AND SETTLEMENTS. THESE
PEOPLE ARE ENTITLED TO
APPEAL FOR—

AM, SHUCKS! WE'VE
BEEN HIRED, YOU AND ME,
TO HELP PROTECT THE ESPINOSA
GOLD-SHIPMENT. WE'LL DO
JUST THAT. GET SGIN',
WHITEY!

SNEAKING THROUGH THE SETTLEMENT AT A FAST CLIP, THEY ARE
BARELY CLEAR OF IT WHEN A BUNCH OF RIDERS SWING OUT HERE.

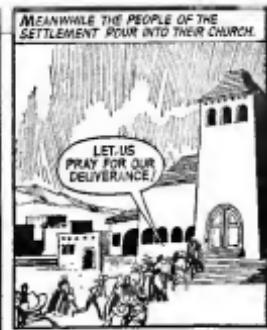
HOLD IT!
WE'RE TOO
LATE!



FORGAN BELLOWS
ORDERS AS THE
BULLETS WHINE
AROUND HIM...

WHITEY—SAM—
GET THE GOLD INTO THIS
DESERTED CASA! WE
AND TORRANCE'LL
COVER YOU!





LATER, WHEN THE FURY OF THE GUNPLAY HAS PETERED OUT, A DEATHLY HUSH DESCENDS. BUT A LONG TIME ELAPSES BEFORE THE VILLAGERS DARE LEAVE THEIR SANCTUARY.

THE BANDIT LEADER AND SIX OF HIS GANG ARE DEAD, BUT THE OTHERS BESTED ME AN' TOOK OFF WITH THE GOLD. I'VE A SLUG IN MY ARM AND MY DEPUTY'S OUT COLD. WHERE IS THE NEAREST DOCTOR?

LEE HAS ONLY BEEN CREASED, BUT WEEKS PASS BEFORE FORGAN IS FIT FOR DUTY. THEN LEE HAS A CHANCE TO SPEAK HIS MIND...

SHERIFF, THE PEOPLE OF LOS PICAPEDEROS FIGURE YOU AND I AND POOR SAM AND WHITNEY SAVED THEIR TOWN.

FORGAN BRISTLES AT FIRST, THEN A CUNNING LOOK COMES TO HIS FACE. AS HIS MIND SPINNERS TALKS ON...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE OUTLAWS WOULD'VE SPARED YOU. SO I HEY'D GET THE TELLER OF YOU. THE TRUTH IS, YOU DROVE 'EM OFF AND HID THE GOLD SOME PLACE.

PROVE IT?

BUT BY MY RECKONING YOU DID MORE THAN THAT. YOU SAVED THE GOLD TOO—FOR YOURSELF!

PROVE IT IS WHAT I HOPE TO DO. FORGAN—BEFORE YOU GET YOUR LOOT AND SKIP THE COUNTRY. MEANTIME, WE'VE A DATE WITH A GATHERING OF GRATEFUL MEXICANS WHO WANT TO SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION.

THE CITIZENS OF LOS PICAPEDEROS LEAD THE LAHMANES TO A MEMORIAL.

WE PUT IT UP WITH OUR OWN HANDS, SENOR.

THE SPANISH INSCRIPTION ON IT SAYS: "IN HONOUR OF THE HEROES WHO DEFENDED OUR

BUT A FELLOW FROM FORGAN CUTS THE CEREMONY SHORT...



YUCCA COUNTY NOW HAS A NEW SHERIFF, ELECTED BY POPULAR VOTE, AND THE FORMER SHERIFF?



THE END

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AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE



IT ALL ENDS AS DUSK SHROUDS THE GREAT CITY. SPANNING THE DARK RIVER IS A GLEAMING BRIDGE, A TRUMPH OF MODERN ENGINEERING THAT AWAITS THE OPENING CEREMONY THE FOLLOWING DAY. SUDDENLY...



ONLY ONCE DOES TODD TOGAN STOP ON HIS RUSH BACK TO THE GLOBE OFFICE... AND THAT IS BESIDE A MONUMENT IN ONE OF THE CITY'S TOUGHEST DISTRICTS...



AS TODD TOGAN DRIVES ON, A PAVING STONE SLOWLY RISES...

JIM, YOU WERE MY BEST REPORTER, THE GREATEST CRIMESAYER AGAINST CRIME IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS. CAN IT BE TRUE THAT YOUR GHOST CONTINUES THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME? IS IT TRUE THAT YOU HAVE COME BACK TO LIFE... AS THE SPECTRE?

FROM HIS SECRET LAIR BELOW HIS OWN APARTMENT, JIM JORDAN, WHOM THE REST OF THE WORLD BELIEVES DEAD... AND WHO NOW CALLS HIMSELF THE SPECTRE...



I BELIEVE I KNOW WHAT YOU WERE THINKING, TODD! FOR I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT ON MY OWN LINE WITH THE POLICE RADIO. YOU WONDERED IF IT WERE REALLY TRUE I HAD COME BACK TO LIFE AS THE SPECTRE! AND YOU GUessed! AS I HAVE GUessed, THERE IS MORE TO TONIGHT'S TRAGIC HAPPENINGS THAN MEETS THE EYE!

NO ONE KNOWS THAT JIM JORDAN HAS NOT DIED FROM A GANGSTER'S GUN...

THE MAN WHO NURSED ME BACK FROM DEATH HAS BEEN RECRUITED TO FIGHT CRIME... SO ADVANCED, SO POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS IN THE WRONG HANDS... THAT IT IS BETTER THE WORLD BELIEVES THAT THESE ARE THE POWERS OF A GHOST... OR A SPECTRE!

TONIGHT I MUST USE THESE POWERS!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, ATOP AN ADJACENT BUILDING TO THE BLAZING SKYSCRAPER...



KEEP BACK! THIS BUILDING MUST PERISH, AND I WHO CREATED IT MUST PERISH WITH IT!

HUGH BARTLETT, ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ARCHITECTS OF OUR TIME IS A SANE AND RESPONSIBLE ARTIST. WHAT HAS CAUSED HIM TO DO THIS IS SOMETHING THAT CAN ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD IF HE LIVES... IF HE LIVES!

FROM THE SPECTRE'S PISTOL AN ALMOST INVISIBLE CORD COILS AROUND THE RADIO MUST ON THE DOOMED SKYSCRAPER... THEN...



LOOK! LOOK UP THERE!

IT'S THE SPECTRE!



THE LIGHTWEIGHT BULLET-PROOF ARMOUR I WEAR, BEHIND MY CLOTHES PROTECTS ME FROM HIS GUN! BUT THE CROWD BELOW THINK IT IS BECAUSE I AM A SHOOTER! ... A SPECTRE!

THERE IS NOTHING GHOST-LIKE ABOUT THE FIST THAT THuds AGAINST THE DEMENTED ARCHITECT'S JAW...



BETTER BY FAR THIS, THAN THE FLAMES YOU SEEM WILLING TO CONSIGN YOURSELF TO!

UUUGH!



THIS ROPE, SO STRONG, SO LIGHT CAN CARRY IT COULD IN MY POCKET, ENABLES ME TO LOWER YOU TO SAFETY!

HE'S SAVED! THE SPECTRE HAS SAVED HIM!

BUT ONLY SECONDS AFTER THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN HAS BEEN DRAGGED CLEAR...

THE WHOLE BUILDING!... IT'S COLLAPSING!



AND THE SPECTRE IS STILL UP THERE... ON THE ROOF!

THE TOPPLING BUILDING CARRIES THE SPECTRE TO HIS DOOM!... OR DOES IT? FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S SPECTRE ALIVE AGAIN!

SAMMY SHRINK

